THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, January 6, 1806.

The Visit of Abdollah, the African, to London.

(Continued from Page 948 of our last Volume.)

THE time passed quickly with Abdollah. Every day started some new idea, and he was more and more puzzled in the judgment, which he should form of the extraordinary country and extraordinary people, that he had thus visited. The plenty that he saw around him of every article necessary either for food or cloathing, above measure astonished him, and he could not conceive how the land so little warmed by the solar beams should be prolific: at the same time the various contrivances of the inhabitants to guard against the inconveniences of an inhospitable climate, impressed him with a high notion of their sagacity. Such inconsistencies, however, continually came across him in his pursuits, that at the moment when he was raising them high in the scale of rational beings, they fell almost to a level with the brute creation.

Among the things which particularly struck him, was our ingenious method of measuring time by clocks and watches, as in his country they had employed no other method than the old ones, by sand and water. He was particularly anxious to investigate the origin of this invention; and, when he learned, that we borrowed it from a neighbouring nation, he was on the point of quitting England for Germany, that he might converse with a more improved people.

The trouble of learning a new language, and the suggestion of his friend the merchant, that he had better make some farther enquiries, respecting the land of the inventors of watches, from natives of it, to whom he should be introduced, changed his resolution: but he set himself in good earnest to learn this

curious art, and was delighted with the idea of carrying home to his own country one thing at least, which would repay him for all the trouble of his journey. Three of his slaves were in consequence placed, at considerable premiums, with persons, who carried on different parts of the art, and an eminent watchmaker attended him for two hours a day to instruct him in every thing, that was necessary for a complete master of the business. This will appear very odd to our fine gentlemen, our rich gentlemen, and our great noblemen. That a man, who had so much wealth as Abdollah, should condescend to learn a mechanical art, can give them but a mean opinion of his taste; yet in this he conformed only to an old proverb of his own country: *Mijne laka, lo kal jena, seis nebala.* Who goes from home, and brings nothing back, travels only to shew a fool for his pains. The surprise of Abdollah was not less, when he heard the estimation in which the first man in this art was held, and that there were some thousands of men in the country, who had nothing to boast of but the possession of their acres, and had not the hundredth part of the skill or intelligence of this man, would scarcely deign to receive such a man in their company. The exclamation he made upon this occasion must not be interpreted. We entertain too great a regard for our country squires, to set them so much below the level of watchmakers.

But if watch-making made such an impression on the mind of the African, we may easily conceive his surprise at the manufacture of newspapers. That every morning an account should be brought to each man's house of transactions in all parts of the world, appeared to him a most admirable proof of the powers of a human being: and here again he was naturally curious to know, who were the first discoverers of an art, capable of being so serviceable to mankind. To Germany he was again referred, and he was again mortified at having come to such a country as England, instead of going to that, where he conceived the inhabitants must be so much more civilised and better informed. The merchant however endeavoured to reconcile him to his situation, by telling him, that though we did not seem to be very much gifted with the powers of invention, yet we had the talent of bringing the inventions of others to a great degree of perfection: and notwithstanding the discouragements which this art laboured under, yet we were not inferior in our manufactures to the original inventors. The word discouragement led to a long discussion: the African could not be brought to conceive, that any obstacle should be thrown in the way of so noble an art, and he rather expected premiums for its promotion. What was his astonishment then to learn, that the proprietor of a newspaper contributed to government more than three times what he gained by it; that he might indeed be

ruined

ruined in his speculation, though the government was an immense gainer, and that he would not at all be considered as a benefactor to his country, though he had contributed a hundred thousand pounds to its income, and would be treated with contempt by some insignificant placeman or courtier, who perhaps derives from his country two or three thousand pounds a year for no useful purpose whatsoever.

The reader will recollect, that the first adventure our African met with in this country was, the being run down by an ox, and laughed at by its drivers, and the mob at their heels. This outrage made a deep impression on Abdollah's mind, and the relations he had heard of similar accidents, led him to entertain a very strange opinion of our police with respect to animals. To give him a full view of this subject, the merchant hired apartments in Smithfield, which had from one room a complete view of the market, whilst in that behind they could hear nothing that was going on in it. On a Sunday evening they, with the merchant's family, and one or two other persons, who had each lived between thirty and forty years in London, without knowing any thing of the nature of the cattle market, went to these apartments, where an elegant supper was provided, at which the subject of newspapers happened to be the topic of conversation; and, as the merchant wished their thoughts to be diverted entirely from the great concerns around them, at midnight he introduced the company into the front room which was perfectly dark; and in a few minutes the window-curtains were drawn up, the window shutters thrown back, and the windows opened, when Smithfield appeared in its rising glory, and the confusion of link boys, oxen, sheep, drivers, oaths, lowings, and bleatings assailed them from every quarter.

The whole company was struck at this strange appearance, and the medley of noises, Surprise and curiosity kept them for a long time at the windows, after which the merchant called them back to the apartment they had left, and whilst they pursued these amusements, he and Abdollah, with each a link in his hand, and a conductor, provided for the purpose, sallied forth to examine the whole progress of this tumultuous assemblage. They rejoined their company in about half an hour, and, between one and two, took another view of the market, in the same manner as they had done before, and having now sufficiently gratified their curiosity, left the African and the merchant to pursue their speculations. These two made frequent sallies into the market from time to time 'till an hour after day break, and were particularly attentive to it, when the buyers came on the ground, and 'till what may be called high 'Change was over. The scene sufficiently occupied their minds, and Abdollah was too attentive to facts to indulge in any philosophical discussion on the subject.

On their return from one excursion, about an hour after day break, Abdollah ordered his chariot, and desired breakfast to be ready in an hour, and having duly considered the place himself, and consulted with the merchant, he ordered the driver to get into St. John's-street, and to drive gently up it. The driver expostulated, and would have taken some other road: but it was to no purpose, and the African very calmly observed his embarrassments, and did not stop the carriage 'till it came to Spa-fields, where he noted the ground about the New River head, and also that behind the building by some called the New Bastille, by others the House of Correction. He was too intent on this survey to attend to the merchant's observationss on this peculiar building, though he determined hereafter to learn further particulars concerning a structure which had been distinguished by the disapprobation of a person eminent for his researches into prisons, and to whom a statue had been erected in St. Paul's cathedral.

In profound silence they then continued their ride by Bagnigge Wells, and on the Highgate road to Mother Red-cap's, thence returning by the Tottenham Court Road, 'till they came to the head of the street, where they took the road to Islington, and coming down the New City Road, to Finsbury-square, returned to their Smithfield apartments. Breakfast was prepared for them, and the merchant clearly saw, that his friend's mind was full. Silence was broken by the following questions and answers.

Abdollah. Why do you keep your market in so small a place?

Merchant. The place was once large enough, it was formerly a field without the town.

A. But is the place large enough now?

M. No.

A. Would not a small tax, supposing a farthing on every beast, and a penny a score on the sheep, with some similar trifle more on the hogs and pigs, be sufficient to pay for a tract, ten times as large in one of the fields, by which we drove, and would not such a place be far more convenient to buyers and sellers, and in general to all the inhabitants of this great town?

M. They pay more at present for their bad accommodations, and buyers and sellers are all agreed, that such a place would be cheaper and better for them.

A. You surprise me, that men should continue in so obviously stupid a practice, when it might be so easily remedied!

M. The many are sometimes benefited, when a few are injured: and a few are sometimes benefited, when the many are injured.

A.

A. You are mysterious. This smells like a job, which, you told me, was the advancement of the few at the expence of the many.

M. I don't say so. But, as we have done breakfast, let us take another turn into the market, and we will leave the farther discussion of this question, 'till you have discovered, why such a nuisance is permitted to continue as London bridge, when a new one might be so easily built by so rich a city.

ANECDOTES *of* MR. KING, *the* ACTOR.

HONEST TOM KING, as he was accustomed to be called, died in the month of December, 1805, at his house in Store-street, Westminster. Of his merits as an actor it is scarcely necessary to observe, that they were most eminent.

His father was a respectable tradesman in Westminster, who gave him a good education, but had intended to bring up his son to his own calling. Tom King, however, very early in life, displayed a spirit much above the drudgery of a shop, and as there was no chance of his rising to distinction in real life, he directed his ambition towards elevation in the mimic world of a theatre. He joined some provincial company long before he had attained his 20th year, and experienced all the vicissitudes that usually attend the life of a strolling actor. He once walked from Beaconsfield to London, and back again the same day, for the purpose of raising a small sum to purchase what are technically called *properties*, essential to his appearance at night in the character of Richard the Third. The profit of his exertions in this arduous part was three-pence halfpenny, and some ends of candle. The latter he offered as a tribute of gallantry to some green-room goddess, of whom he was at that time enamoured.

He continued to wear the sock and buskin as the necessities of the various companies to which he belonged for many years might require, and his attachment to tragic characters, for which he was wholly unfit, long prevented his talents from rising to that distinction which he afterwards acquired, and so deservedly continued to possess, on the London stage. He first, however rose to fame in Dublin, where he had sense enough to discover the real bent of his genius; and, on his second engagement upon the London boards, appeared in characters calculated to give full scope to his merit. The churlish severity of Churchill could not deny that he distinguished himself in Brass, by which the poet did not merely intend to particularize the part in The Confederacy, but all parts that required an active intrepid spirit. In bucks, impudent servants, fops, and all brisk and airy characters, he was long without any superior on the stage excepting Woodward,

Woodward, who drew more deeply from the stores of human nature, and was much superior in representing what Johnson calls "the surface of manners."

The character, however, that confirmed the reputation of King was Lord Ogleby, which was chiefly instrumental in giving popularity to one of the best written modern comedies of the English stage. Woodward ventured to try this character after him, but he could not wrest the palm from King in the opinion of the public, though many excellent judges of the time said that Woodward displayed more of the real old nobleman than his more popular predecessor.

It is by no means necessary to enter into a detail of King's merits as an actor, since they are so well known to the world at large. It may, however, be said, that in dry sarcastic humour no man could do more justice to his author. He was well acquainted with human life, and always founded his acting upon what he saw of original characters. When he had once determined upon the manner in which he should perform a part, he hardly ever deviated in the slightest degree from his original representation of it. Every look and every shrug were the same; hence, though his judgment and precision were admired, a luxuriance and variety were wanting, which might have rendered inferior talents more pleasing. In private life he was intelligent, entertaining, and respectable. He had an inexhaustible store of anecdotes, not merely of the theatrical kind, and he was always willing to relate them, upon the slightest intimation, for the gratification of his friends, though he never vainly or importunely forced them into notice. He particularly excelled in story-telling, and gave a lively perception of every character he introduced by his powers of mimicry.

His fate holds out a melancholy warning to all who engage in his precarious profession. The fair profits of his industry and talents, supported by very respectable and extensive connexions, would always have enabled him to maintain a good figure in life; but unhappily an unfortunate devotion to the gaming-table marred all his fair prospects. After a very successful night at play, he once hastily returned home, and in the most solemn manner expressed his determination not to plunge into the ruinous vortex of gambling any more. He kept his resolution for many years, and was able to support a house in town, another at Hampton, and to enjoy the convenience of a carriage, as well as the power of receiving a numerous train of friends with a liberal hospitality. But alas! in a fatal moment, he ventured to the gaming-table again, and in one night lost all he had been saving for many years; not, however, without a suspicion that his successful companion had profited by other returns as well as those of skill and the favour of fortune.

From that period King's life has been clouded by embarrassments, and though age and infirmity induced him to retire from the stage, his situation demanded a continuance of his professional labours.

Mr. King married many years ago a lady who belonged to Drury-lane theatre, and who has uniformly acted the part of an affectionate wife and a good woman. It is to be hoped, that as she has survived him, the theatrical community will adopt some measure to soften her sense of the loss she has suffered, and cheer her closing days with independence.

MEMOIRS *of the late* LORD NELSON.

(Continued from Page 1035.)

EARLY in the year 1798, the eyes of all Europe were fixed on Bonaparte. After conquering Italy, and effecting a peace on the continent, he had fitted out a large fleet, and embarked an army of veteran soldiers. The immediate object of his attack was as yet unknown; and while mankind remained involved in suspense, the English ministry deemed it prudent to fit out a squadron in pursuit of them.

Sir Horatio Nelson, the officer fixed upon for the command, was detached by Earl St. Vincent into the Mediterranean, on the 7th of May, 1798, with his flag flying on board the Vanguard, of 74 guns, together with the Orion and Alexander, of equal force, the Emerald and Terpsichore frigates, and La Bonne Citoyenne sloop of war. Having reached the Gulph of Lyons, they were assailed by a very violent gale of wind, which carried away a top-mast, as well as the foremast, of the Rear-Admiral's ship, on the 22d, the very day on which the French fleet with Bonaparte on board, sailed from Toulon. Having refitted in St. Pierre's road, in the island of Sardinia, the harbour of which they were not allowed to enter, the English squadron reached the place of rendezvous on the 4th of June, and were joined, on the 8th, by ten sail of the line, under Captain Trowbridge.

With this force, which he deemed sufficient to encounter any fleet of the enemy, Admiral Nelson proposed to steer after them immediately, and knowing that they had sailed with the wind at N. W. he was induced to think that they were destined up the Mediterranean. Neither on the coast of Italy, nor in the port of Naples, could any intelligence be obtained of the ultimate intentions of the French; all that was learned amounted to a mere supposition that they had proceeded towards Malta. To facilitate the passage thither, it was determined to pass through the Straits of Messina, and this was accomplished on the 20th

with

with a fair wind; and two days after intelligence was received that the French had captured Malta, and sailed thence on the 18th, with a fresh breeze at N. W.

On this Sir Horatio took an opposite direction, and was not a little mortified, on discovering Alexandria, that not a single French ship was anchored there. In this state of uncertainty, he instantly returned to Sicily, entered the port of Syracuse, took in a supply of fresh water, steered on the 25th of July for the Morea, and, in consequence of new and more correct information, determined once more to visit Alexandria, which he descried on the 1st of August at noon. The enemy's fleet was first discovered by Captain Hood, in the Zealous, who immediately communicated by signal that it consisted of the following ships, &c. lying at anchor in a line of battle in Aboukir bay:

1. Le Guerrier, 74 guns, 700 men.
2. Le Conquerant, 74 guns, 700 men.
3. Le Spartiate, 74 guns, 700 men.
4. L'Aquilon, 74 guns, 700 men.
5. Le Soverain Peuple, 74 guns, 700 men.
6. Le Franklin, Rear-Admiral Blanquet, 80 guns, 800 men.
7. L'Orient, Admiral Breuix, commander-in-chief, Captain Cafa Bianca, 120 guns, 1010 men.
8. Le Tonant, 80 guns, 800 men.
9. L'Heureux, 74 guns, 700 men.
10. Le Timoleon, 74 guns, 700 men.
11. Le Mercure, 74 guns, 700 men.
12. Le Guilliaume Tell, Rear-Admiral Villeneuve, 80 guns, 800 men.
13. Le Genereux, 74 guns, 700 men.

FRIGATES.

1. Le Diane, 48 guns, 300 men.
2. Le Justice, 44 guns, 300 men.
3. L'Artemise, 36 guns, 250 men.
4. La Serieuse, 36 guns, 250 men.

This formidable fleet appeared to be moored in a compact line of battle, supported by a battery of guns and mortars, on an island in their van, while their flanks were strengthened by gun-boats.

Here we shall take the liberty to copy a few passages from Mr. White's impressive account of the most important battle of August 1, 1798:

"At a quarter past three, P. M. the admiral made the signal to prepare for battle, and at four, he directed the ships of his squadron to prepare to anchor with springs on their cables, and signified his intention to engage the van and centre of the

enemy. His idea in this disposition of his force was, first to secure the victory, and then to make the most of it, according to circumstances. The squadron stood in for the enemy's fleet, in close line of battle; and as all the officers were totally unacquainted with the bay, each ship kept sounding as she advanced.

"Notwithstanding this precaution, Captain Trowbridge, in his eager desire to gain a forward station in the contest, unfortunately ran a-ground on a reef of hidden rocks, that extends a considerable distance from the island, forming the north-west point of the bay of Aboukir. This unfortunate circumstance was severely felt at the moment by the admiral, and all the officers of the squadron; but nothing could equal the anxiety and the anguish of mind experienced by the captain himself, during so many eventful hours. But one consolation presented itself to him in the midst of the distresses of his situation, a feeble one it is true, that his ship served as a beacon to several others advancing close in his rear, and which might otherwise have experienced a similar misfortune.

"Never was more heroism displayed than in the prompt decision of the British admiral. When his squadron was well collected round him, he determined, without loss of time, to attack the foe, formidable as was their appearance; superior in number, weight of metal, and size; night coming on, and in an unknown navigation. His honour, his character, and his life, were staked on the decision of the enterprize, for it was well known, that conquest or death was his determined object.

"His resolution was instantly formed, and his intentions made known to the fleet, by the signal for the headmost ship to bear down and engage, as she reached the van of the enemy; the next ship to pass by and engage the second ship of the line, and so on. With alacrity was this signal obeyed: the sure presage of victory gladdened the heart of every Briton, and a general ardour pervaded all ranks. The commanders, with that courage which distinguishes men inured to danger, saw the hazard of the contest, and prepared to meet it. Their ships were trained to every exercise of arms; all means of preservation from fire, leaks, and other casualties, were arranged in order; a bower cable was got out of the after part of each ship, and bent forward, that she might anchor by the stern; the dreadful engines of destruction were ready primed and doubly loaded; the men at their quarters awaiting, in silent expectation, the orders of their superiors; the officers looking respectfully towards their captains, and awaiting with firmness the awful moment. The enemy's line presented a most formidable appearance: it was anchored in compact order, close in with the shore, describing an obtuse angle in its form, flanked with

gun-boats, mortar vessels, and four large frigates, and with a battery of guns and mortars on an island, near which it was necessary to pass. This situation gave the enemy the most decided advantage, as they had nothing to attend to but their artillery, their superior skill in the use of which has so often secured them splendid victories on shore. In short, each ship being at anchor, became a fixed battery.

"This position of the French presented the most formidable obstacles: but these the admiral viewed with the eye of a seaman determined on attack. It instantly struck his comprehensive and penetrating mind, that where there was room for an enemy's ship to swing, there must be room for one of his to anchor. No farther signals than those already made were necessary, the admiral's designs being fully known to the whole squadron.'

The Goliath, Captain Foley, led inside. The wind being favourable, he was soon in reach of the enemy's guns. A little after six the enemy fired, for the first time, from their van ships, the batteries, and gun-boats. He returned the fire immediately, and then doubled their line, anchoring alongside the second ship in the van. The Zealous, Captain Hood, immediately after took his station on the bows of the Guerrier, with distinguished judgment. The Guerrier was totally dismasted in twelve minutes, and in twenty-five the Goliath had shot away the masts of the French ship, the Conquerant.

Sir James Saumarez next doubled the van of the French line, in the Orion. La Serieuse, a French frigate, fired upon Sir James as he passed. A broadside from the Orion instantly sent her to the bottom. Sir James then took his station on the larboard bow of the Franklin and the quarter of the Peuple Souverain, and returned the fire of both. Captain Gould, in the Audacious, and Captain Miller, in the Theseus, followed, and anchored between the French lines and the shore. Captain Miller passed between the Guerrier and the Zealous, and gave them a tremendous broadside on his way. The Theseus then placed itself on the larboard side of the Spartiate.

(To be continued).

Address to the Nation on the present awful Crisis.

To the EDITOR of the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER,

SIR,

IT is written, "A word in season how good it is!" Can it be judged unseasonable at the present moment for us, as a nation, to adopt the words of inspiration? "Let not the wise man

man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might; let not the rich man glory in his riches, but let him that glorieth, glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord, which exercise loving kindness, judgment, and righteousness, in the earth: for in these things I delight, saith the Lord." Can the public mind, capable of discerning between good and evil, (with the clear light of God's holy word, so plain that he who runs may read,) be insensible to the righteous judgments of an offended God, which for some time past has been impending over us? and is there a person arrived to mature age unconscious of its desert? It is individuals that make the aggregate, and accumulated guilt which draws down national judgments. We have recorded the divine procedure in past ages, agreeable to his moral law, which is as immutable as himself, founded on his own nature, and a transcript of his own perfections, clearly revealed and sanctioned, with striking and awful examples, throughout the sacred pages, of just and impartial administration to individuals and nations.

In the language of an inspired writer, "If the word spoken by angels was steadfast, and every transgression and disobedience received a just recompence of reward, how shall we, as a nation and individuals, escape, if we neglect the great salvation spoken of to us by Christ, and his apostles, on whom the ends of the world are come? Does the Maker of the Universe, the Saviour of the World, who has all power in Heaven and in earth, who spoke as never man spake, command every one to repent, must not that repentance bear the marks and fruits laid down by himself to be accepted of him?

Does he, with an authority peculiar to himself, command every one to believe his gospel, that they may receive remission of sins and the gift of the Holy Ghost? will he acknowledge any faith where the effects himself has annexed are not consequent? Hus he affirmed who is the the faithful and true witness, that without holiness none shall see his face with approbation? Must not that holiness of heart and life, the principle and practice correspond with the rule himself has given, who will be the impartial judge in the great day of decision? Could we cause past ages to appear in review before us, would they not, with one consent, bear record, that as individuals and nations, it has been done unto them, according to the word of the Lord, as they have believed and obeyed it, or disbelieved and rejected it?

If we are not instructed by the examples of former ages, is not our guilt more aggravated, and are we not less excusable? From the earliest age in prophetic writings of man's high offence in disbelieving and disobeying the word of his Maker, is recorded the Saviour of a ruined world, "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head," wrapped, indeed, in pro-

phetic mystery, opened and unfolded by patriarchs and prophets in successive ages, 'till in the fulness of time the sun of righteousness arose in its meridian glory to enlighten the world, and atone for the sin of it, and a voice from Heaven announced, "This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased, hear ye him." If mercy so divine, from so divine a messenger, is disbelieved, or neglected, what is to be expected, but in the apostolic language, "a fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversary."

As a friend to mankind, and a lover of our nation, I would call every individual to God, and the word of his grace, who having died for all, speaks to all, by his word and spirit, in language plain to the simplest mind, to judge of themselves, (as each one must give an account for himself at the last day) whether they have believed and obeyed the voice of the Son of God, or neglected or rejected it, as on this will turn their present and eternal salvation. At the season we at this time commemorate was the Saviour of the Universe ushered into our world, with the acclamation of "Peace on earth, good will towards men." Is there a heart that has felt at the late effects of war, although crowned with success, reluctant to retire before the Prince of Peace, and pray with ardour, that his kingdom of righteousness, the prelude to peace and joy, may be set up in the heart of every individual, extend throughout our nation, and spread over the universe; then would our discordant and disordered world resemble Heaven, and be again a Paradise.

The pure affection that dictates this address cannot better close it, than with the solemn caution of an apostle. "For if God spared not the angels that sinned, but cast them down to Hell, and delivered them into chains of darkness, to be reserved unto judgment; and spared not the old world, but saved Noah, the eighth person, a preacher of righteousness, bringing in the flood upon the world of the ungodly; and turning the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah into ashes, condemned them with an overthrow, making them an ensample unto those that after should live ungodly: and delivered just Lot, vexed with the filthy conversation of the wicked, (for that righteous man dwelling among them, in seeing and hearing, vexed his righteous soul from day to day, with their unlawful deeds). The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation, and to reserve the unjust unto the day of judgment, to be punished."

That the righteous judgments of him (whose mercies are great, and great also his corrections), may ever be averted from this nation, may each individual attend to, and obey the voice of God in his word and spirit, which will lead from all error and evil, into the paths of truth and righteousness, the work of which

which is peace, and the effect quietness and assurance for ever, is the fervent, and I hope will be the unceasing prayer of

AMICUS.

Cornwall, December 25, 1805.

PARISIAN FASHIONS,

For the last Week in November.

THE Parisian ladies still wear white, notwithstanding the *muddy season*, but if they wear white gowns, their persons and some accessory ornaments announce winter. Shawls are no longer worn in cords, and the hollow of the *belles'* backs are covered from the inclemency of the weather. Almost every bonnet has something to tie it under the chin: it is not uncommon to see an embroidered muslin veil covering the top of a small fantastic bonnet. White hats, ornamented with satin ribbands, and the seams embellished with coloured edgings, must be mentioned amongst the latest fashions, in half full-dress. Rose garlands without leaves are again adopted on hair head-dresses. The peaks of bonnets are still very large; night-caps or a tuft of lace are worn underneath them. With the exception of full-dress gowns, nothing but round gowns are seen. Many white gowns have small pockets, or *paws* representing them. These *paws*, ornamented with buttons, are sometimes placed on the hips, and sometimes on the plaits of the waist. Nothing new for great coats has yet appeared. Shoes, that cover the ancle, are made of nankeen, some are sloe coloured; they are either rose or white for full-dress.

Nothing is more fashionable than gloves, shoes, stockings, a gown, indeed a complete white *costume*, with a dark striking orange-coloured shawl.

The *costume* of a *petite-maîtresse* is varied not only from chronology, geography, and history, but allegory is often resorted to. Thus, when a fashionable lady is tired of the Grecian, Tuscan, or Roman fashions, she adopts a French style: but the genius of the artist must exercise all his taste to render it supportable to the *élégante*. When the *belle* wishes to be *melancholy*, a bunch of cypress is mingled in her hair, and two or three acacia leaves are allowed to wave negligently. The hat is ornamented with poppies, and the bottom of her gown is embroidered with bunches of weeping willows.

A young buck used to carry in his pocket a box, containing smelling bottles, razors, scissars, perfumes, paper for *billet-doux*, and every other article that assists to charm and embellish life: Now the scene is changed, and he carries a box containing

containing flints, gun-worms, powder,—in short, every necessary for a duel.

During summer, and to render every article as cool as possible, a Parisian *belle* proscribed mahogany, and ebony, and admitted nothing but brass in her apartment. The pendulum of a *petite maîtresse* is still brass, the ornaments of her chimney, windows, and even her bedstead, are made of brass. It is in the varnish, painting and gold, that the merit and charms of this new-fashioned furniture consist.

An ACCOUNT *of* MONS.

[From the Travels of Camus.]

THE two principal towns of Jemmape are Mons and Tournay. Mons has scarcely any manufacturers but a few silversmiths. Citizen Gauthier has set up a manufacture of knitted stockings, the samples of which, at the exhibition of the progress of industry in the eleventh year, merited a bronze medal. This prize brought his manufacture into fashion; and Gauthier, from that date, has not been able to answer the demands for it.

The library of the central school has been established in a church, in which they have fitted up a superb hall. The books are valuable; there are some scarce ones: among others, a magnificent copy of Ptolemy, printed on vellum, at Venice, in 1511, with coloured maps; and many small books, in the first age of printing.

In all the libraries there is a want of modern books, of books of French literature, and of works that teach the knowledge of books.

The celebration of the first vintage has given occasion for games, within a prepared inclosure. Different communes challenge each other to play at fives; a great interest is felt in these contests; judges are chosen from those who were in youth men of celebrity at the sport, to decide between the players; they successively exclude from the contest the communes who have been defeated in former challenges, 'till in the end there remain two or three only for the competition. The last challenge was between the town of Mons and the borough of Soignies; the latter gained the victory. The players who obtain this honour for their community are entertained by their fellow-citizens, who assemble at the contest, lead them off with pomp, and always conclude the day, after the manner of Homer's heroes, with an entertainment protracted to a late hour.

The humane establishments of Mons are, first, a house of industry, which has not existed above eight days, and in that

time, even in a week, cleared the town of eighty beggars. Every thing is conducted on the most advantageous plan, in a large house that was formerly a convent. The poor of Mons are difficult to be pleased. There are foundations which place a great number of the idle in a condition to live without labour. They claimed a liberty to beg as a right; and to discover who were beggars, it has been found necessary to permit them to beg. —On the day when the house of industry was opened, all these permissions were annulled; the law of the 24th of Vendemaire against beggary was carried into execution, and beggary has disappeared.

The deserted children are very numerous; 220 in the house of reception; 450 in the country. This desertion is no more than a name; it has nothing real in it. The parents who are tired of maintaiuing their children quit the town, and leave their children in it. The neighbours lead them to the house of reception, and declare that they are deserted children whose father and mother have left the town. The children are received. —Two days after the parents come back again; and as the children have the liberty of going out, the parents see them as often as they judge proper. To desert means then, in this town, to place in the national hands to be gratuitously boarded. This abuse was long ago proscribed.—There is an old ordinance of the sheriffs of the town of Monsi in the year 1664, to this effect:—That, as it was found "that there were fathers and mothers so unnatural as to desert their children, and husbands who had so little affection as to leave their wives, under the hope that they would be maintained by the alms of the community, we the aforesaid sheriffs declare, that they who shall be apprehended and convicted of this impiety or want of affection, shall be whipped and banished, or otherwise punished according to the exigence of the case." In the present times, when they have dropped the whipping, to desert children goes unpunished. There is no other means of preventing it but by depriving the parents who abandon their children of all right in them, and of all connection with them. The prefect of the north appears to me to have very wise views on this point. He has in his department houses for the reception of the deserted in many towns, and he places the children left on the public in one town in the hospital of another town.

When the deserted children are at the breast, they send them to be nursed in the country, and supply them with clothes, at the expence of twenty-six livres.

The hospital for orphans has ninety children of both sexes; the boys are under the direction of a priest; the girls under the care of a woman; the sleeping-rooms are long and airy. Here, and in many other hospitals of the neighbouring towns, the bedsteads are made of iron. Eight or ten beds are connected together

together by one frame, which saves the consumption of metal, and forms a mass which it is not easy to remove. The children lie two by two together.

The military hospital was originally constructed by Marshal Vauban. It is built on an extensive scale; the rooms large and lofty. The outside has been injured by a number of small buildings for the accommodation of persons whom Vauban probably never thought of; and the inside has been hurt by separations and partitions. Though there was very much room, the sick are crowded together.—The only circumstance which is favourable is, that as there are empty chambers, they, two or three times a year, remove the sick into different rooms.

The general hospital is known by the name of St. Nicholas. The sick are well taken care of by a corporation of young women. The men and the women are in the same ward, separated by a partition. Many hospitals in this part of Flanders are disposed on the same plan. The beds are made after the same model: they are exactly boxes of joiner's work, inclosed at the head and feet, on one side and over, and protected by curtains on the only side where they are left open.

All this box-work, ornamented with mouldings, and sometimes pillars with chaplets and architraves, richly carved, make a fine shew of architecture, and is without doubt what the architect designed; but it is a bad contrivance for the sick, about whom is collected all the dust and dirt, without being able to lessen or remove it, as they cannot turn the beds about. The sick are left to be incommoded by all the insects that inhabit this old wainscot. In some hospitals they have had the good sense to detach the bedsteads from the niches, that they may be able to draw them forward, and remove the sick with ease. But in other places they have another good contrivance. Instead of curtains there are two oaken doors, bound with iron, and furnished with locks. These are intended for the sick in a delirium. The doors are shut; the patient finds himself inclosed in a press: only in the upper part there is a small hole of three or four inches; but they do not forget to fix on the sides, or at the ends, iron cramps, to fasten the chains with which they sometimes tie him in his bed; nor do they omit the gag, to prevent his cries.

The prisons are in general healthy and secure. The bridewell is near to a high building, which is called the castle; but it is only a tower, on which are placed a clock, and the lodge of the town-watchman. The clock chimes remarkably well; the hours and half hours with a great bell; the quarters of hours with the usual chime; and the half-quarters with a small one. At the half hour the chimes give the hour which will follow; when the clock strikes, it again repeats the hour.—This is the custom through all the country, where chimes are very usual.

In the evening-parties they sometimes offer a lemonade composed of the juice of the lemon and sugar, and wine mixed with water, instead of pure water.

T.

On the FUNERAL *of* LORD NELSON.

[From Dr. Gardiner's Thanksgiving Sermon.]

SOON his precious remains, saved from the ravenous deep, will reach a harbour in his native soil. There respect will be first shewn them in dismal sounds to strike the ear, and crowded ensigns to meet the eye, expressive of the mariner's unfeigned and bitter grief. Thence they will be conducted, with the attendant homage of a weeping peasantry, to a scene of mournful magnificence—they will be consigned as a costly treasure to the most venerable and majestic sacred pile of the first emporium in the world—an interval of gloom will overcast all the resorts of business and of pleasure, while in expectation of the august concluding ceremony, mourners alone will go about the streets. At length, the grandest memorial will take place of our deceased chieftain's triumph over British hearts—he will receive at the opening tomb the last sad honours from an affectionate sovereign's family—Freedom's much-loved race, supported by a nation's boast of wisdom, valour, dignity, and opulence; surrounded with an innumerable host of loyal citizens. Can you not transport yourselves in idea to the awfully affecting scene? Amidst a silence, solemn, broken only by sighs, do you not hear the melancholy, heart-searching, knell? do you not see the sable banners of the ruthless tyrant waving amidst uncovered ranks of afflicted and devout patriots? do you not contemplate their dejected countenances? and on restoring to the earth her due, do you not join in the pangs and lamentations of the grateful throng? on returning the dust to dust, do you not fervently pray with them, that God may have taken to himself the magnanimous spirit which he gave?

BON MOT.

AT one of the mock auctions, in the Strand, a shrewd Irishman looked in a day or two since, and, after witnessing for some time their *manœuvres*, he called out to the man with the hammer "Pray, Sir, may I *bid* what I *plase*?"—"Yes, Sir," was the reply of the complaisant auctioneer:—"Why, then," says *Pat*, "I *bid* you—a good morning."

Answer, by Detector, to the Charade, inserted June 3.

TO old correspondents no doubt it seems hard
To be puzzled so much by a juvenile bard;
Then drop the pursuit—your conjectures give o'er,
If you think of a hundred, 'tis certainly MOORE.

Answer, by J. Lake, to F. Arden's Rebus, inserted October 28.

TAUNTON's the town appears in view,
Which is your rebus, so adieu!

*** Similar answers have been received from John Woodman, jun. of North Curry; W. Bickham, junior, of Ashburton; T. Gill, officer of excise near Wells; T. Bullock, of St. Columb; Adrianus; Sylvanus, of Awliscombe; M. Duncan, of Plymouth-Dock; J. Whittle, of Upway; R. Perring, of Kingsbridge; and J. Day, of Winborne.

Answer, by W. Varcoe, Mevagissey, to W. Gregory's Rebus, inserted November 4.

AN *Apple* is the first you mean;
And *Norfolk* is the city;
Nelson's the hero it is plain:
And ANN will name your beauty.

†‖† Similar answers have been received from Sylvanus, of Awliscombe; T. Gill, officer of excise near Wells; T. Bullock, of St. Columb; H. Glasson, of Crowan; T. Coumbe, of St. German's; W. Bickham, jun. of Ashburton; and H. Lewarn, of Grampound.

A REBUS, *by Devoniensis.*

YE wits of learning, bards of fame,
A British king, imprimis name;
What Solomon so much esteem'd,
And preferable to rubies deem'd;
Lastly, you'll find what ne'er should rest
Within the centre of man's breast:
An useful beast you'll soon descry,
Th' initials form the same,
Within this mystic lore—but I
Have told too plain its name.

A CHARADE, *by P. Ninnis, of Tavistock.*

AVAUNT my clam'rous first! for ever cease,
Thou fell disturber of the gen'ral peace!
Here to intrude on this bless'd, tranquil isle,
Where friendship dwells, and plenty still doth smile.

And thou majestic next, who feast'st on blood,
Content should keep within thy native wood;
Proud of thy freedom, unrestrain'd by care,
For if once taken, chains will be thy share.

O may my whole, my sad disastrous whole,
Ne'er want, in England, free-born sons controul!
But rather let us join, and all unite,
And dare insulting France and Spain to fight.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

On the CLOSE *of the* YEAR.

HOW transient our moments of bliss!
Our pleasures how swiftly they fly!
How short is the time we possess
Each transport of rapture and joy!
Like a meteor suspended in air,
Scarce its light it diffuses around;
When lo! the bright rays disappear,
And leave but our thoughts to confound.

Ye hours of fond pleasures adieu!
That gave me such heart-felt delight;
No more now those beauties I view
So sweetly transporting to sight.
The fields so late cover'd with green,
Bespangled with Flora's gay throng,
Now yield but a wild, dreary scene,
And hush'd is the nightingale's song.

Where the soft zephyrs wantonly play'd,
Now rushes the bleak northern blast;
And nature so fair then array'd,
With a sorrowful gloom is o'ercast.
To yonder wild wood's shady bowers,
No more music swells her soft note;
O where then are fled those blest hours
That yielded me there such delight?

But hope, still fond hope doth illume—
Stern winter's lone hours to beguile;
It sheds o'er the wide sadden'd gloom
A ray that bids nature to smile.
While fancy creative displays
New beauties that pleasures must bring,
When cherish'd with Sol's genial rays
Burst forth the wild blossoms of spring.

Yes, nature again will revive;
The flowers that blasted now lie,
Only droop but again for to live
Beneath a more temperate sky;
The rose that now blighted appears,
Bereft of its richest perfume,
The bud now in embryo prepares
In tenfold resplendence to bloom.

But while thro' futurity's maze,
Nature's sweets we with rapture descry,
Let's reflect that *man* has but his days,
That his winter on earth must be nigh;
That 'tis virtue alone can secure
A bright prospect beyond the dark tomb;
That 'tis there only joys can endure,
And pleasures eternally bloom.

Clowance, 1805. T. RUTGER.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY, OR SERENA'S BIRTH-DAY.

" AWAKE, awake the trembling wire,
" Awake to extacy divine!
" Boldly, O! boldly strike the lyre,
" And round it brightest garlands twine."

Ye unseen pow'rs! who guide the year
Thro' the pure liquid of the sky,
To form your dance assemble here,
And round in rapid measures fly.

Another bright ethereal round
On high already is begun:
The heav'ns with rapt'rous joy resound,
The spheres in happiest concord run.
" Awake, awake the trembling wire,
" Awake &c.

For sweet Serena owns this day,
The day that introduc'd her here!
Ye unseen pow'rs! around display
The glowing beauties of the year.

Around your choicest blessings shed,
Ye seasons! as ye onward move:
Around thy soft delights, O spread,
Thou mystic pow'r, pervading love!
" Awake, awake &c."

Thou constant, ever-glorious sun,
Tho' damp'd thy animating ray,
Prepare thro' brighter skies to run,
And shed again a milder day!

Thy gentlest influence, queen of night!
On the dear charmer kindly pour;
Let her thy kingdom of delight,
Led by thy brightest beams, explore.
" Awake, awake &c."

So that, delighted with the sound,
And touch'd with more than mortal fire,
She may attend the sacred round,
And to her kindred skies aspire.

So that her virtues may ensure,
What but by angels is express'd:
Raptures, to endless ages pure—
The raptures of the truly blest.

GRAND CHORUS.

Awake, awake, thou everlasting lyre!
Awake, ye sacred concords of the sky!
Ye brilliant spheres, catch th' inspiring fire,
And round in more delightful orbits fly!
Let all, let all around,
With extacy resound,
From this terraqueous ball to heav'n's remotest bound.

Sherborne. B. AYRES.

NEW ARITHMETIC.

SAYS Giles, " My wife and I are two;
" Yet faith, I know not why, Sir!"
Quoth Jack, " You're ten if I speak true—
" She's one, and you're a cypher."